

AUG 13 1970

# MP NEWS

VOLUME XII

AUG. 1970

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EDUCATION

M.S.P. '70

# GOVERNOR



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The M.P. NEWS is published monthly by the men of Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge, Montana, with the permission of the Warden, Prison Administration and the Board of Institutions.

The purpose of this publication is to give inmates the opportunity for self expression; to provide a medium for discussion of public problems; to foster better understanding between inmates and the public; and to be constructively informative.

The M.P. NEWS does not, nor is it intended to reflect the view or opinions of the Board of Institutions or the Staff of Montana State Prison.

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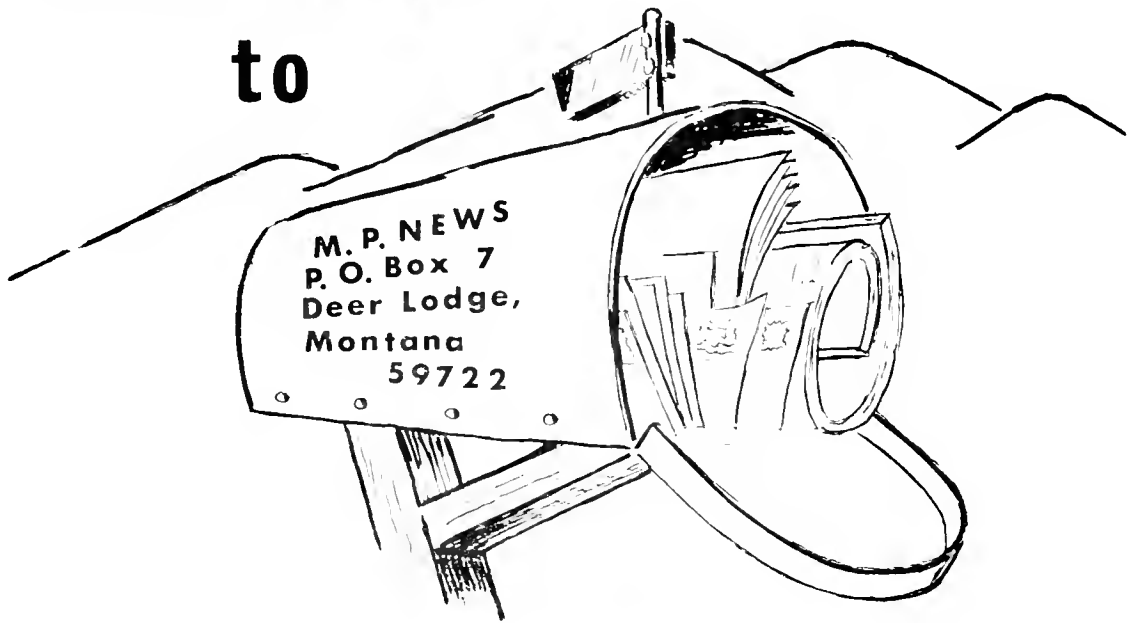
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# PAGE ONE

**MPnews EDITORIAL**



## ? WHO CARES?

The lot of the prison journalist is not an easy one. You write and write. Then you begin anew and write some more. If you happen to be blessed with a modicum of talent and if your labors in the literary vineyard withstand the sponsor's pruning shears, and if your message happens to meet with a responsive ear, if these circumstantial possibilities mesh into a functioning reality, then the prison writers efforts may have some small impact.

In this issue, as well as the one to follow (September), we'll be giving you a look at prison education and training; past, present and plans for the future. Our hopes are, that somewhere in our comments, we may make that small impact.

Educate the convict? You darn right! Teach him a skill? You bet! Supply his mind and his hands? Yes Sir! But to keep him from returning again and again, a more advanced step must be taken. TOUCH HIS SOUL. Let him know that someone really does care, make him observant of the choices and external worth of his own life; teach him the dispositions and respect for himself and others that will permit him to surpass the obstructions, the resistive, the negative thought patterns that put him here in the first place. How? Through vocational and academic training, but mostly by someone showing him that they do care what becomes of him.

Proficient, enthusiastic help is a necessity. Teachers, instructors, psychologists, counsellors, psychiatrists, sociologists and penologists are needed, plus love, kindness and understanding. In a sufficient amount and number so that the inmate will receive solitary observation (individual attention) and assistance. These "experts" are needed in greater numbers to complement unity with the existing vocational and educational staffs; enough so that Montana State Prison may begin to accomplish its two-fold purpose-----incarceration-----REFORMATION!!!!

**M.S.P.**

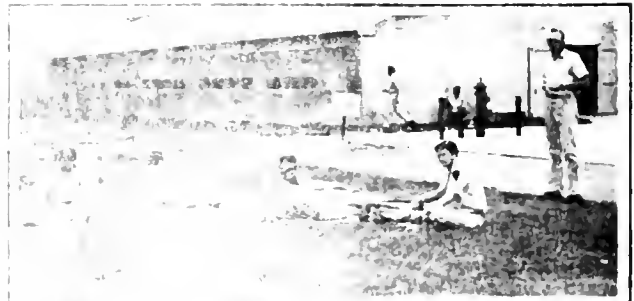
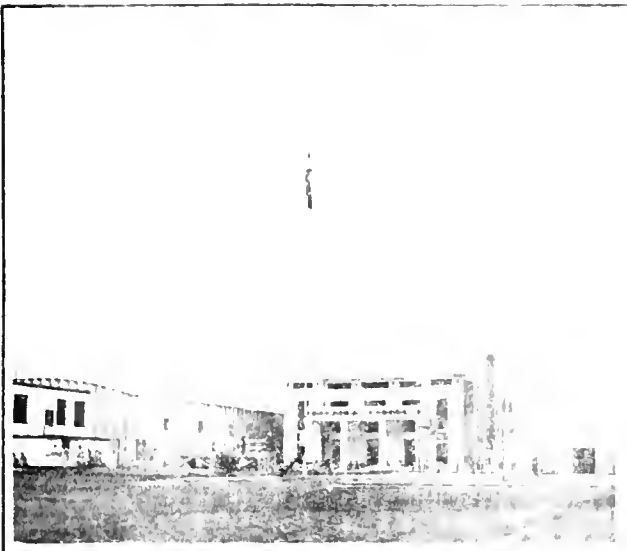
Still another first and precedent setting event took place on Independence Day this year.

...with all birthday and holiday  
celebrations in style and in the  
...the world celebrate the 4th  
of July....with a picnic....INSIDE THE  
A 101

To our knowledge, this is the first "big day" of this sort in prison history. Along with the usual competition of horseshoes, shuffleboard, pool, races, whist, tarrow races, football, etc., 100 yard dash and various other events, the day was capped off with a picnic lunch...enjoyed by the prisoners on the grass or any shade they could find. They might find it hard to relax and revel in some of the pleasures.

...and the people are certainly  
...for their efforts  
...it have been a drab  
...of gaiety and free  
....

...the tip of the dagger to Mr. ... Good Supervisor and ... whose efforts really ... worthwhile. A HA FY 4TH!



## MP news

# **M** **E****D****U****C****A****T** **S** **A****N****D** **P** **T****R****A****I****N** **(THE FIRST OF TWO PARTS)**

What should be done with those who are found to be guilty of criminal acts? This is one of Mankind's large unsolved and largely neglected problems. The disposition of the convicted felon should have a high priority.

It doesn't seem to make a lot of sense that a society can spend billions to place men on the moon and at the same time fail so miserably dealing with its delinquents. Sure dealing with the human animal is a task far more complex than exploring space; there the scientist can give you a degree of predictability which can never be possible where humans are concerned. But, there must be some way to make our correctional system into something other than a revolving door process which has made "recidivist" a household word in Montana.

The word "REHABILITATION" has become almost synonymous with the word prisoner. Rehabilitation. What is it? If you define it, it can mean the restoration to a former capacity, but in its usage in corrections perhaps this definition is preferable: "to restore to a condition of health or useful and constructive activity."

Rehabilitation isn't a birthday gift wrapped in festive paper, bound with bright ribbon, and handed to someone. Rehabilitation isn't something that is given, but rather something that requires effort on the part of the individual.

Certainly, rehabilitation - becoming useful and constructive - can be made easier if favorable circumstances and programs are made available. But such programs and conditions are only the equipment with which to work; the man himself must do the work. It is the man himself who does the rehabilitating.

There is a strong need in each of us to belong somewhere, to some group, to some ideology, to something. We read of a 12 year old youngster who takes heroin, "because I didn't want to be left out when I saw my friends use drugs." We see the young growing beards and side burns and demonstrating in groups. We see the prevalence of organizations, church groups, and social clubs. Everyone wants to belong.

But what about the guy here in prison? Where does he fit into things? While he is in prison things are relatively simple. He is an inmate and as such has an identity. He may even see the administration in general and the correctional officers in particular as his adversaries. He belongs to a culture with its own rules----rules such as----be true to your friends, do your own time and mind your own business. But what happens to an inmate when he gets out? Where does he belong? Where does he fit in?

The unfortunate reality is, that a large segment of the outside community is at least uneasy with former inmates (ex-cons if you will) and has difficulty accepting them in their structure. There is, in fact, a subtle kind of discrimination that takes place. Certain kinds of jobs are closed to "ex-cons", many social channels are closed, and lower salaries for similar jobs is sometimes seen. This is further compounded by the feeling on the part of the former inmate that he is different and does not belong. There are former inmates who will tell you who felt like they looked different, that they felt that people were watching them, that they felt awkward in public circumstances, like ordering in a restaurant, or using the proper sil-



verware, that they felt uncomfortable crossing a busy street after having been in prison for awhile. This uneasiness often causes some ex-inmates to seek out what is or has been familiar to them in the past. They sometimes go back to the old neighborhood with the old friends, or to the impersonal atmosphere of the ever present bar where one can talk anonymously with other often-lonely people. These moves may very well produce complications for the ex-inmate because, with a little alcohol and an "old friend", the "ex-con" is back into anti-social action and could very well be on his way back to prison.

The major problem confronting prison administrators today, simply stated, is how best to assist the inmate to integrate himself into the community upon release. There are several techniques which might be useful. First a general education program for the community is needed---something on the order of "know your con". (May sound corny---but if presented correctly it could be most effective.) This should present the realities about the inmate population: that they are not all Edward G. Robinson, TV types, that they are not all wild uncontrolled destructive beings but rather they are people coming back to a community who need and want a chance to prove themselves. Secondly, a program needs to be worked out for the inmate himself.

Over a period of the past twenty years, with a sharp acceleration in recent years, the convict has been offered some educational opportunities and during the past few years tremendous change has taken place in correctional educational programs.

But, in order to get some kind of an idea of the problems confronting the people planning educational programs let's take a look at the average inmate confined at Montana State Prison.

He's just over 28 years of age with an IQ which ranks with the National average, he has completed 8½ years of schooling and has no job skills to offer an employer.

So actually a program must be designed which will succeed where the public schools have failed. A program must be developed for someone who doesn't care and shows very little interest in improving himself. (Perhaps the goal should be to create a desire for learning both vocationally and academically since both are interrelated.

Within this program you shall be attempting to bring about a change in attitudes toward society. In order to accomplish this it will be necessary to imbue and interrelate and integrate into each individual a sense of responsibility and dependency toward the norms of society.

In attempting to establish such programs prison educators should take a fresh look at their responsibility to society with respect to the guilty who are convicted. They should explore more fully programs of limited confinement and work release; teaching methods should be examined and adapted to the abnormal psychology of the repeated offender and programs should be sought out which will permit the reduction of sentences as incentives for prisoners who will educate themselves. The prospect should be held out to each that he can---literally---educate himself out of confinement, thus preparing him to make his living honestly, with pride in his own skills.

The inmate needs to be taught not only academic and vocational skills but he also needs to be taught how to get along in the square world outside. The curriculum should include information on how to dress, how to shop, how to order in a restaurant, personal finances (credit, budgeting, life-hospitalization insurance, etc.) and all the other hundreds of how to's---that make life outside possible and enjoyable.

To formulate such programs would take a great deal of effort on the part of a number of dedicated individuals. It would require that the social and behavioral scientists, as well as probation and parole officials take an active part.



When you stop to think that, on an average, it is now costing the taxpayers of the state somewhere in the neighborhood of \$20,000.00 to apprehend, convict and incarcerate a felon at Montana State Prison, (while 70% of those released are going to cost the taxpayers an additional \$20,000.00 in less than five years) the energy and dedication to inaugurate such programs could very well mean a savings, in the long run, for the taxpayers.

In any correctional educational program the educators become responsible for the psychological well-being of each individual. The inmates participating need counseling, help in planning for a systematic progression of primary and secondary goals which they can realistically fulfill without the disappointment of failure. Yet, "time" limits the capacities of the individuals involved. Men arrive and depart from prison at various times. Some may arrive at the beginning of a progressive program, others near the middle, and others near the end. There is a need for a continuum in the education of the individual, a direct line without interruption. As nearly as possible the system should be geared to the individual. Most school systems attempt to move all subject areas in a grade simultaneously. When failure occurs in an area they have no recourse except to move on. Correctional education has the task of leveling the development of the individual who has failed in this aspect.

Certainly, having acquired a vocational skill, a diploma or a degree doesn't guarantee a person's success. Only the ambition and motivation of the individual can insure this. It goes without saying that a person can achieve satisfaction of his goals if his goals are within range of his ability and ambition. There are people who find happiness in life even though they don't achieve academic success.

Not everyone is meant to be a truck driver nor is everyone meant to have a college degree.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

In this installment we have covered what we feel would be the ideal educational-rehabilitative programs. You will have to decide for yourself how practical or impractical these suggestions may be.

Next month's issue will contain a look at today's educational program at Montana State Prison.



For years there has been a one-sided sympathy for the underdog. Perhaps it's time for someone to stand up and say: "I'm for the upperdog!"

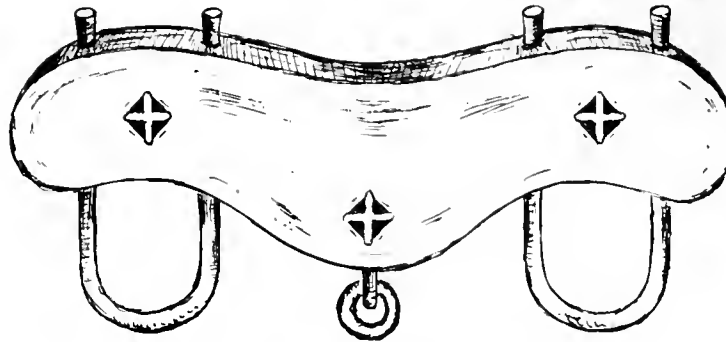
How about a cheer and a pat on the back for the guy who sets out to do something and does it; the guy who recognizes the problems at hand and endeavors to deal with them; the guy who isn't blaming someone else for his failings; who doesn't consider it "square" to wonder what more he can do instead of why he shouldn't be doing what he's doing. Whether "privileged" or "underprivileged", each of us should be judged by what he does with what he inherits----not merely excused as a victim of his environment.

The quality of any society is directly related to the quality of the individuals who make it up. We will never create a good society, much less a great one, until individual excellence and achievement are not only respected but encouraged. Building a better society will only be done by those who take seriously their responsibility for making the most of their native ability, for getting the job done.

That's why we should be for the achiever - the succeder - the UPPER-DOG!!!!!

**"Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and.. my burden is light."**

**Matthew 11:29-30**



## **ROT HE HALL YOKEFELLOW PRISON MINISTRY**

The Yokefellow movement was originated in 1949 by Dr. D. Elton Trueblood, with the aim to create a deeper spiritual meaning and a better understanding in man with himself...and others.

Yokefellows consists of small groups of people, which is patterned after the early days of Methodism, called the class meeting. This in turn was taken from the Moravians, whose small groups were based upon the belief that the early Church of Christ's day was composed of small meetings in different persons' houses for study, prayer, and fellowship with each other. Yokefellows is neither a study or prayer group.

In 1954, Chaplain Charles F. Paine started a group of men at the Federal Penitentiary at McNeil Island, which was the first such group behind prison walls. In 1955 this group adopted the ideas and principles of Yokefellow and used their name.

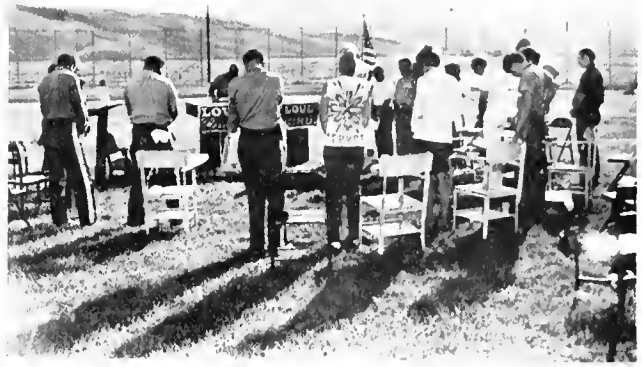
Now there are many institutions which have a Yokefellow ministry. These groups usually consist of eight to twelve men and an outside person as a leader. They meet once a week for two hours.



Yokefellows came into being at Montana State Prison, Rothe Hall in March of this year.

Just what happens in this Rothe Hall group? The group has the responsibility of handling whatever its members choose to discuss. Most members seem to have a desire to discover those things of themselves, which if changed, would help them become a more mature person and also improve their relationship with God and their fellow man. In this group, it is hoped, a person will be able to see himself and if needed, make the necessary changes in his life. His personal relationship with God will become more meaningful and lasting.

# YOKEFELLOW MINISTRY M.S.P.



The mind...a deep and complicated piece of machinery needs an overhaul once in a while. Participation in Yokefellows will stimulate and engage the mind into an objective path of understanding.

Each member of the Rothe Hall group is a contribution to the rest and in turn will receive as much as he himself is willing to give. By learning to understand the feelings and thoughts of others, one will gain a better insight of himself and thereby get a better understanding of who and why he is.

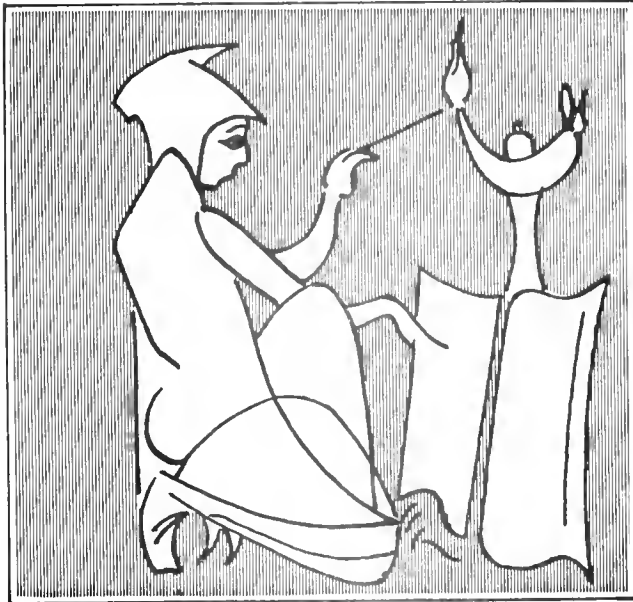
You may ask, "What good can these meetings do?" Chaplain Skibsrud of Montana State Prison has said it very simply: "I think the one thing that is really important; it changes the man."

**MPnews**

**EXCLUSIVE**

# POETS

# CORNER



## EUTHANASIA

Cold after warmth marked  
The white dawn air  
Reflecting the earth below.  
A drifted trapline trail.

On cattail-pocked ice  
Passed the shore of the slough  
Near a den-hole found  
Long before ice-time.

I stop, sensing disturbance  
Beneath the soft new flakes  
And kneel, sweeping and  
Blowing clean the old snow.

Awe is a female mink  
Rigid between the jaws  
Of steel with her throat  
Gashed and blood spilled

Onto the snow. I wonder,  
Reading slight signs in the snow,  
If in an instant's fury,  
The buck with snow-blurred tracks

Fulfilled his natural bond,  
Or if he felt a pang  
Of pity for his mate  
And silenced the agony  
Of coil-fed death.  
I am no reporter  
Giving nature bright  
Anthropomorphic eyes.

I'm sure her mate felt nothing  
But passion in his veins,  
Which makes his ugly  
Deed more awesome still.

## HIDDEN THOUGHTS....

Looking backward I see very little  
for I am here.

Looking forward I see even less  
for I am here.

Looking ages ahead of things to come  
I see only mistakes,

I see Heaven and Earth  
what remains of them.

I'll stand alone  
I'll grieve,

I'll drop tears from a silent cloud  
into the dust below.

**BILL ADAMS**

**From the INSIDER**



**DENNIS R. OTTOSON**

**From the MESSENGER**

**EVERYONE'S**

**BEEN**

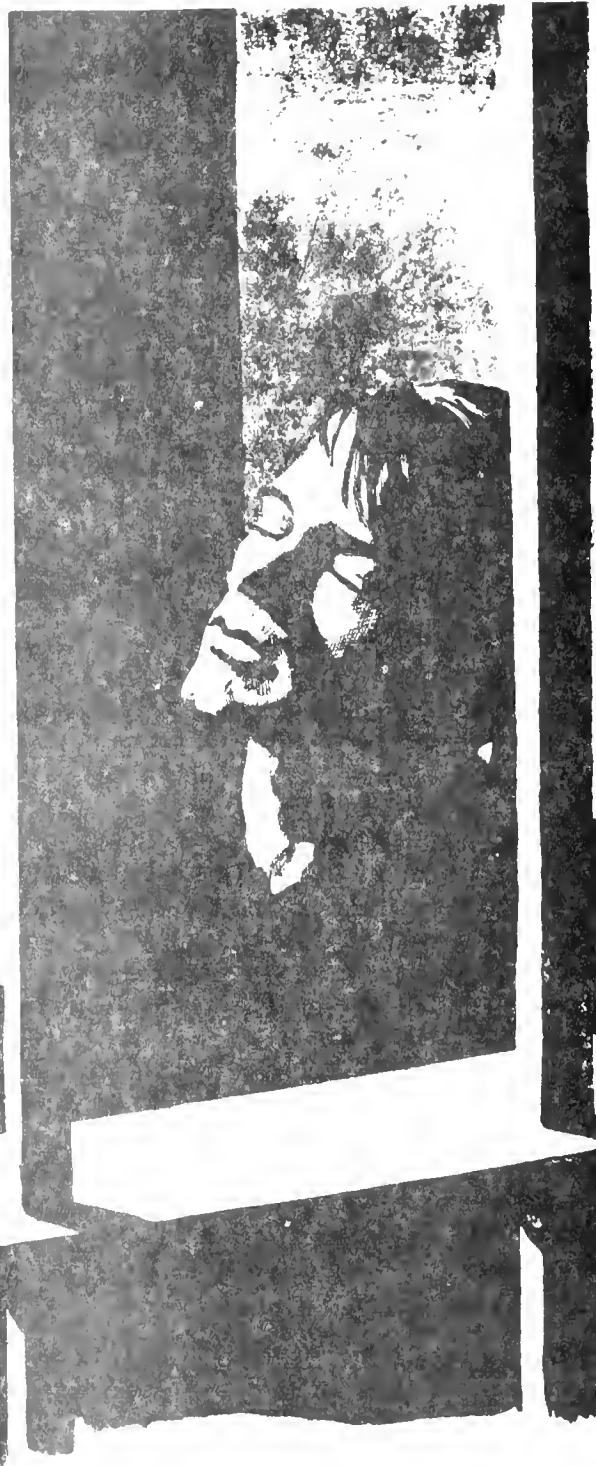
**THERE**

The night the rain hid our tears  
And washed away our fears,  
You were so noble, but yet, afraid.  
I was there and should have stayed.

Dark brown hair with olive skin,  
I've wandered far yet never been.  
We knew from the start it could not be  
But, yet, we fell in love as you can see.

Rain sang our song, I came once more  
A long way to see the door.  
You were wise, this was best.  
But, outside your door, I failed each test.

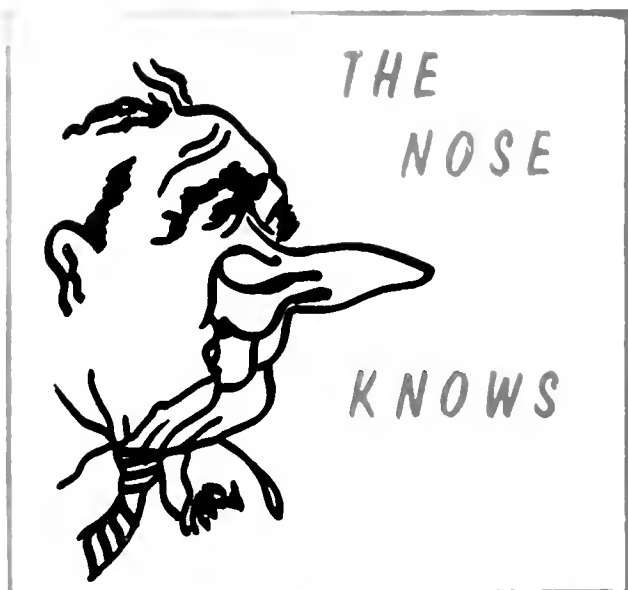
Finally, I left and walked away.  
Thank nature it was night and day  
And the rain hid our tears  
And washed away our fears.  
You were so noble, but yet afraid  
I was there.....but never stayed.



**TRUTH**

He stumbles blindly  
through a maze of truth to...  
buy an expensive lie.

**ANNOYMOUS**



DEAR NOSE: I wish I had a nickel for every girl I'd kissed!

SIGNED TOAD UMPOLÉ

DEAR TOAD: What would you do, buy a package of gum?

DEAR NOSE: Last time I was out with a girl I heard a funny gurgling noise. What do you suppose it was?

SIGNED HOLLY DAYIN

DEAR HOLLY: Probably her, trying to swallow that line you were feeding her

DEAR NOSE: I've been in prison so long, I forgot what a woman is like. Is there any change in them?

SIGNED LONGTIMER

DEAR LONGTIMER: No, they're still female.

DEAR NOSE: Can a man get married while he is in prison?

SIGNED WORRIED

DEAR WORRIED: What for?

DEAR NOSE: My wife is driving me crazy, she's a real nut, she's also fat, ugly, and real stupid. Could you tell me how I can get rid of her before I go home on parole?

SIGNED YOUR FRIEND FRED FINK.

DEAR FINK: If I were you I'd take a parole in Africa before I'd come home.

SIGNED YOUR 'LIFE 'SUE

DEAR NOSE: If I came in at 8 o'clock one morning after being out all night, and told my wife that I'd been at a meeting and had taken my secretary home and had had a couple of drinks and fallen asleep on her couch, do you think she'd believe me?

SIGNED WULF GANG

DEAR WULF: No. She'd swear you'd been playing poker.

DEAR NOSE: How many qualifications do I have to have to go on parole?

SIGNED PUZZLED

DEAR PUZZLED: One, the parole board's approval.

DEAR NOSE: If I come up with a real good story for the parole board, do you think that they would let me go?

SIGNED HOPING

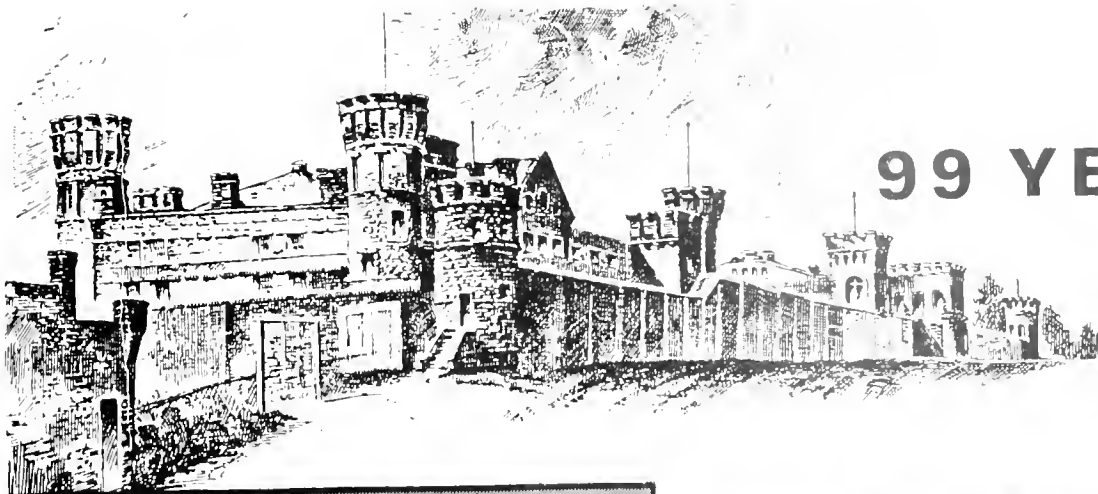
DEAR HOPING: I don't know if there's one they haven't heard before left, but you can try.

DEAR NOSE: I like to tell jokes, but I don't get many laughs. Why?

SIGNED D. PRESSED

DEAR D.: Don't be discouraged. Wait 'til you meet with the parole board.





# The First 99 YEARS

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P

1871 - 1970

**MPnews**

**FOTO-FEATURE**

## PART ONE

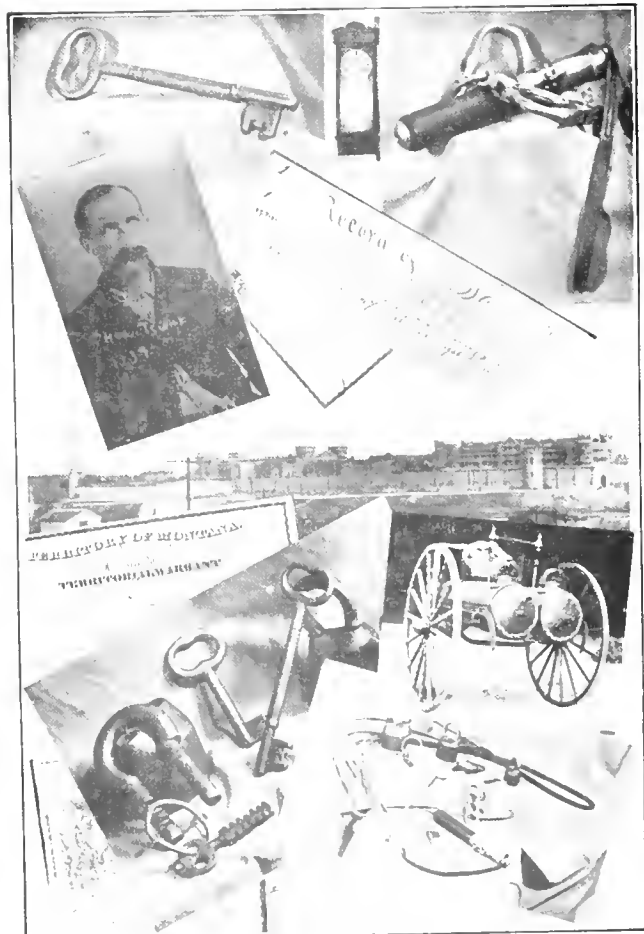
Peering back through the past at our 99 year old prison with some degree of comprehension, attempting to recapture those moments from a bygone era is like trying to pick up the sands of time...a grain at a time.

There are as many stories as those inmates numbering from 1 through the nearly 23,000 to date...and that would be presenting only one facet of a many sided, much argued, sometimes humorous often violent and always degrading near century of Territorial and State penology.

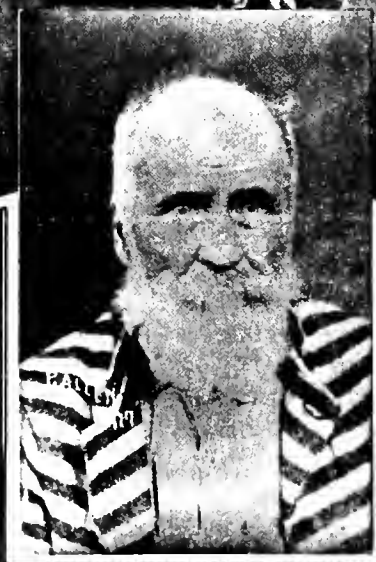
With the aid of old documents, records, tintype and glass plate photographs we have attempted to catch in our magic mirror, a glimpse at the community, the prison, its inmates, the manner and mores of a time long past.

On July 2nd 1871, the NEW Prison for the Territory of Montana opened iron banded oak doors for its....first prisoner.

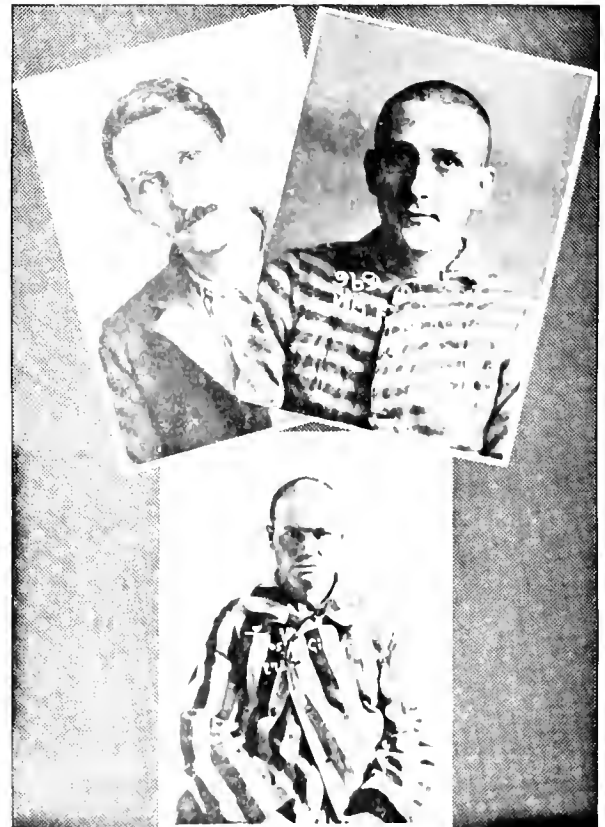
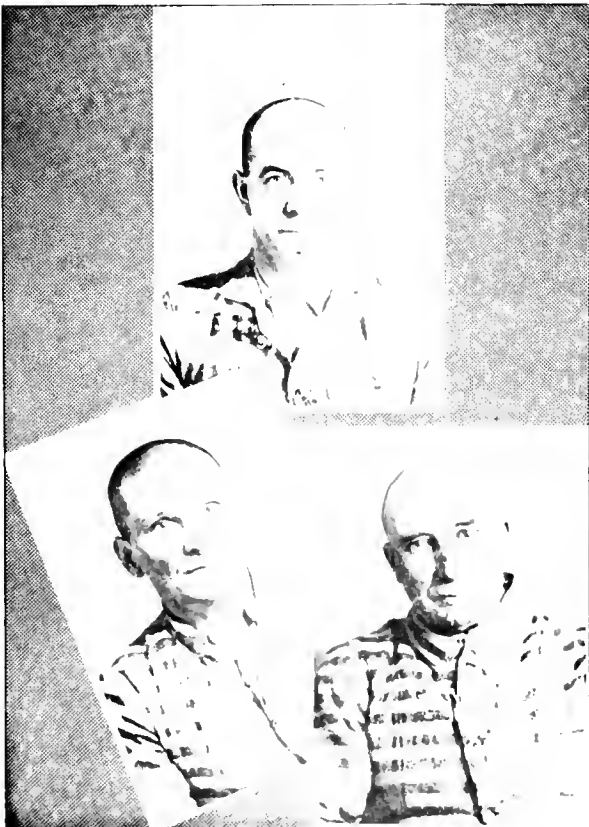
Here then, in photographic form, the Territory of Montana...and Montana State Prison.....PART ONE.....of the first...99 YEARS!



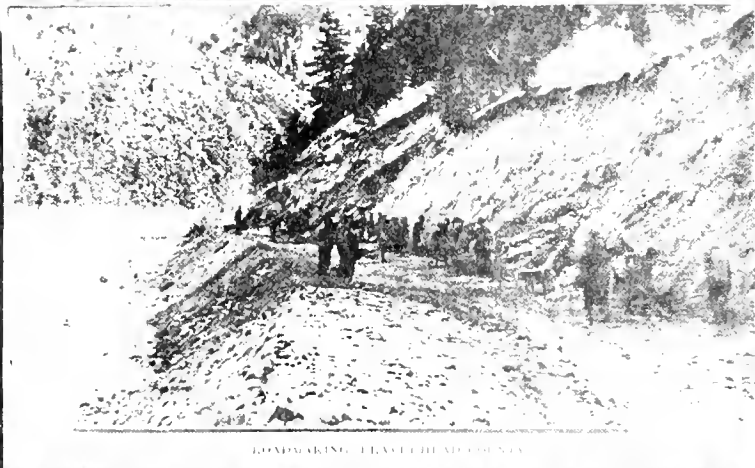
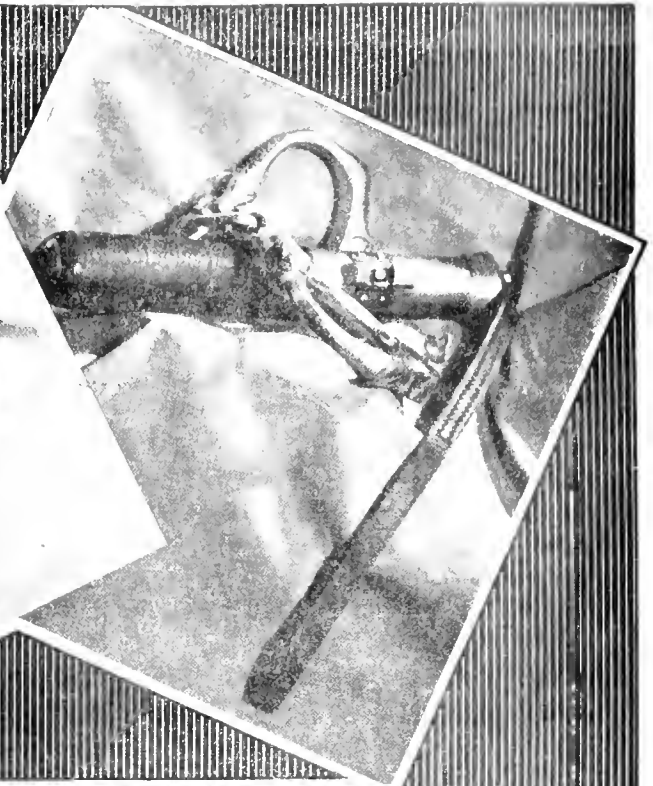
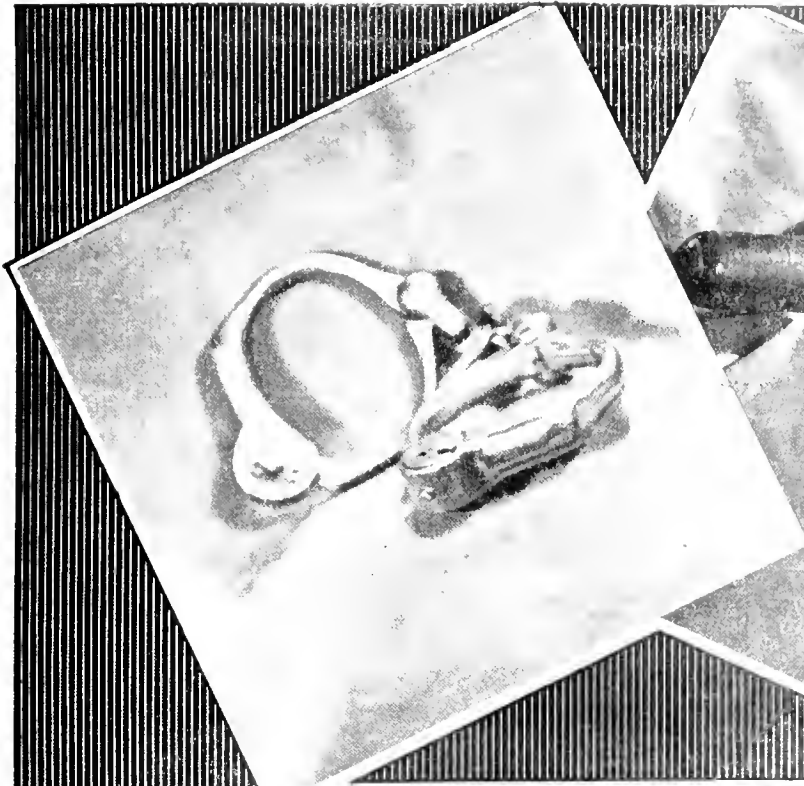












ROADMAKING, FLAVEL HILL, MONTANA

(TERRITORY OF MONTANA)  
 COUNTY OF DEWEE  
 Helena, Mo.

**RETURNED WARRANT**

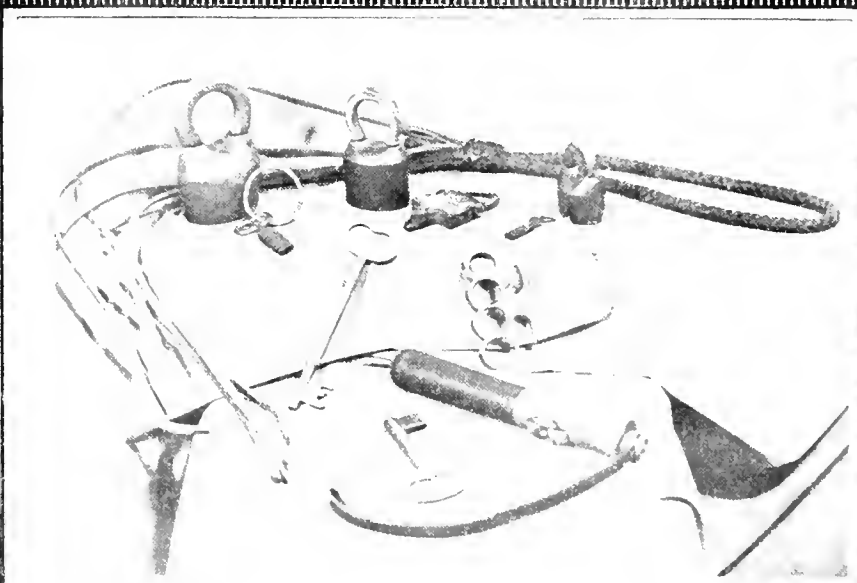
no money will pay to the...  
 for the...  
 out of my...

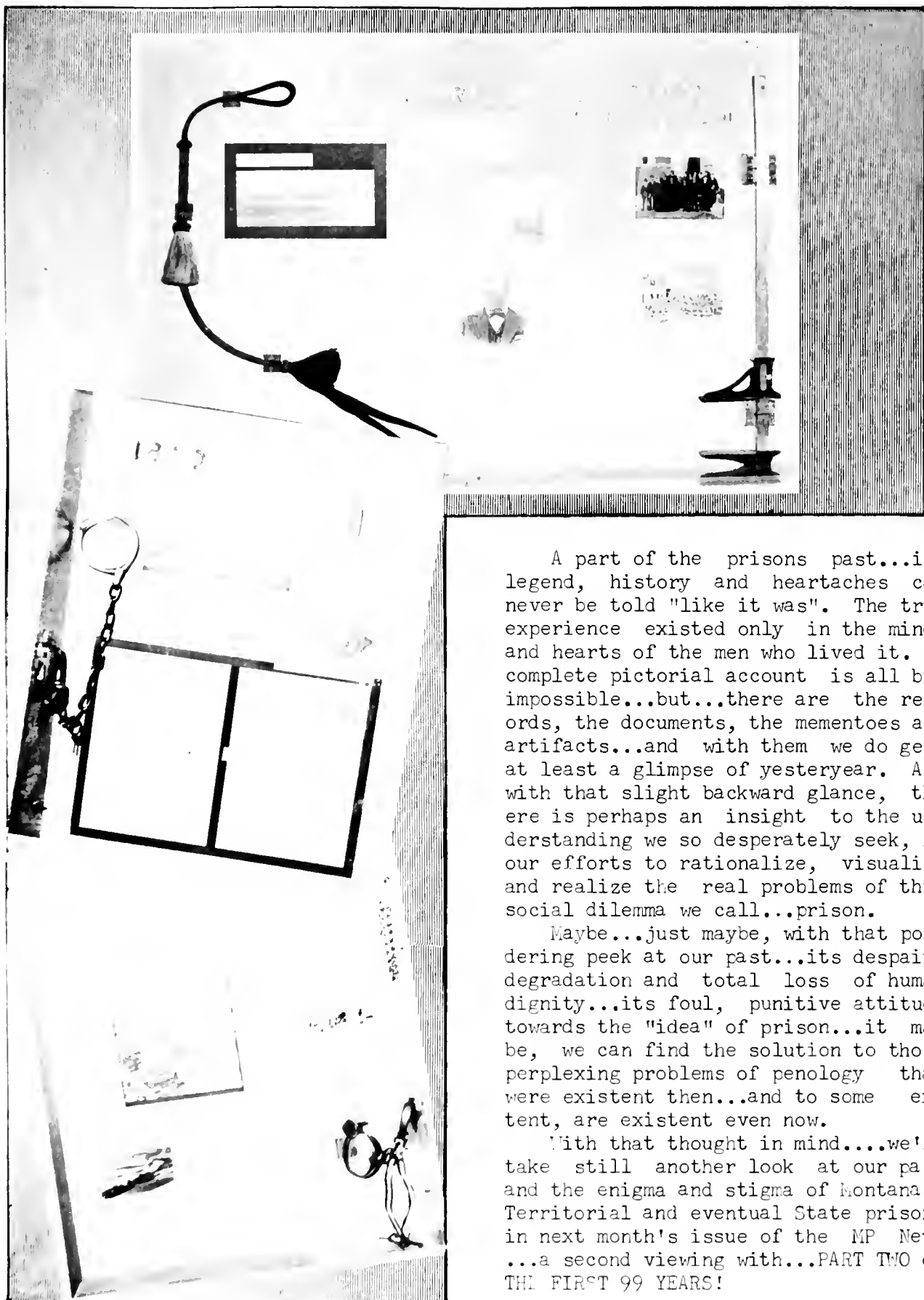
[Signature]  
 [Signature]

Recd June 5<sup>th</sup> 86  
 The United States  
 vs  
 Thomas Hale  
 Commitment

1871  
 Quitors  
 v.  
 John H. Johnson.  
 10  
 Certified Copy of  
 Conviction & Judgment  
 or  
 Certified Transcript  
 of the Entry of  
 Conviction and of  
 the Sentence there  
 upon.  
 The within named Prisoner  
 was received on the 7<sup>th</sup> day  
 of July A.D. 1871  
 By Jas. Gilchrist  
 Deputy Supt. U.S. Prison

1875  
 Territory of Montana  
 vs  
 Charles Whiting  
 Governor's Commitment  
 for Violating Conditions  
 of his Pardon





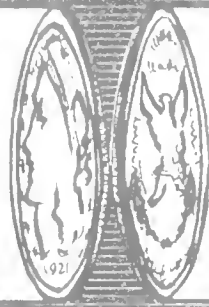
A part of the prisons past...its legend, history and heartaches can never be told "like it was". The true experience existed only in the minds and hearts of the men who lived it. A complete pictorial account is all but impossible...but...there are the records, the documents, the mementoes and artifacts...and with them we do get, at least a glimpse of yesteryear. And with that slight backward glance, there is perhaps an insight to the understanding we so desperately seek, in our efforts to rationalize, visualize and realize the real problems of this social dilemma we call...prison.

Maybe...just maybe, with that pondering peek at our past...its despair, degradation and total loss of human dignity...its foul, punitive attitude towards the "idea" of prison...it may be, we can find the solution to those perplexing problems of penology that were existent then...and to some extent, are existent even now.

With that thought in mind....we'll take still another look at our past and the enigma and stigma of Montana's Territorial and eventual State prison, in next month's issue of the MP News ...a second viewing with...PART TWO of THE FIRST 99 YEARS!



# The OTHER SIDE of the COIN



# IS BLUE

"O.K.! She's all yours!" You pass this remark as you leave and your relief takes over where you left off. You turn a huge Folger Adam's key in the lock for the last time that day. Your shift is in (or so it seems!). You get into a late model automobile and the tall gray guntower of a state prison fades away in the rear view mirror. It's only a short distance to a modest home on the edge of town and as you step out onto the driveway a slightly smudged raggamuffin appears from the side of the garage. In a voice gushing with enthusiasm he loudly cries, "Hi Dad! Wanna play baseball?"

This single phrase has just rebuilt a day that has almost ended in shambles. So with your spirits lifted you toss a ball back and forth a few times and then make a little game out of getting into the house and getting out of a hot, sticky, confining uniform. You stroll casually into the kitchen, open the refrigerator, grab a beer, snap the cap on it and say to your wife, "Hi Hon! What's for supper?" She comes back with, "I'm sorry sweetheart but mother is having a Tupperware party and she needs help desperately. I'm going up to help her. You'll have to fix your own supper, there are eggs and canned luncheon meat; or if you prefer there are weiners in the freezer."

About this time you're ready to blow your stack and she says, "I'm taking the kids, see you later, bye Hon!". The screen door slams and you slump into an overstuffed recliner feeling utterly rejected. But you soon begin to relax as you lean back, then your mind begins to wander.

You start thinking about that new rifle for fall or maybe a new camp trailer but soon, flashes of the day's happenings begin to cross your mind and suddenly you're thinking about the kid you charged \$1.50 because he had made a photo album out of state material. And the guy you chewed out for smoking in the chow line and discovered he hadn't shaved that morning. The "shakedown" you conducted in the recreation room, your fellow officers coming up with two gallons of home made liquor, a stinger, and a set of plans for a home made zip gun, complete with silencer. You shrug these thoughts off and say to yourself, "So what, these things happen every day----this is what I do for a living. So why let it bother me?" But it does bother you and you look back----way back. Eight or nine years and you begin to remember other things. You begin to remember how you were taught to respect your elders and say, "Yes Sir!" or "No Sir!" to a man twice your age but you can't do that inside the walls because that elderly gentleman wears a uniform of a different cut and color than yours. You remember how you used to leave the garage unlocked and the keys in the car and then you recall how locks and keys have become a part of your everyday routine the same as shaving every morning. And as your memory rambles on, you remember how your trust in people suddenly became smaller and you recall your disgust in discovering that you doubted the word of a good friend.

Then it hits! Tragedies you've witnessed.

You remember a face but you can't remember the name. It's the face of a young woman, perhaps 18 or 19 and as she comes through the large black barred steel door you notice that she is heavy with child and as she sits there waiting for her husband you say to yourself, "By God if that was my wife she wouldn't be visiting me in a place like this!" You turn to let a young man through a series of locked doors and the next time you notice them they very gently but sincerely try to kiss through the heavy mesh screen. And then they huddle together grabbing for every bit of privacy they can get. An hour or two passes and then it's time! You get up from your desk, unconsciously check to see if your hat is straight, pull your jacket down and very firmly but politely you say, "I'm sorry Mam, but time is up." And you let her out the heavy barred door, gently reminding her to be careful crossing the street.

A few weeks pass, there is a skiff of snow on the ground by now. You open the door in response to the noisy buzzer and you come face to face with the same young woman. Only this time she looks at you by barely peeking over a pile of baby blankets. You let her in and in passing, remark about how cold it is today. She in turn remarks that she has walked all the way from the bus station and is rather tired. She sits down and waits. Shortly the young man appears and out of the corner of your eye you see him trying very hard to see his new born son through that same heavy meshed screen.

By now your beer can is empty and during the journey to the refrigerator to get another, your eyes fall upon the beige colored telephone and you can see in your mind two black telephones. A fellow your age is talking on one and you are monitoring conversation by listening in on the other which is the rule when an inmate is allowed to talk on the telephone.

The conversation consists of the fellow trying to talk yis young bride out of killing herself over the fact that she had gotten herself pregnant while he was in prison and now can not bear the shame. The rest of the conversation is spent by the prisoner trying to talk her out of this dire act. It ends with him reassuring her that he will without a doubt take her back and accept the baby with no questions asked. This she seems to accept and you both hang up.

A week later the Chaplain has to tell the fellow that his wife took an overdose of sleeping pills and is now quite dead.

Months later you are on the same phone listening to another conversation, the face on the guy in the other office is different but the color of his clothes is the same and he is listening to an uncle explain how his brother has gone berserk, killed his mother, his father, a baby sister, wounded another brother and finally killed himself.

As he slowly walks out of the inner office you feel you want to go to him---put an arm about his shoulders and say how sorry you are. But you don't----because he is what he is and you are who you are. He looks at you----sort of bewildered and says, "What's the damage?" Your eyes meet and you say, "\$4.70 plus tax." He signs a money transfer and leaves.

More faces and numbers begin to appear. The young lad that had come to prison----trussed up in shackles that seemed to weigh more than he did and because of his size you took more than a passing interest in him. But in just a few weeks you saw him change from a scared meek little kid into a badge hating, glue sniffing little punk. But because you have been taught that being uniform staff you can influence these people, because you, more than any other member of the administration, are in the closest contact with the inmates. So you take it on yourself to talk to this fellow. You attempt to tell him in your own way how glue will eventually eat into his liver, deteriorate his brain. That it may permanently destroy his eyesight. And for a few minutes you find yourself believing him when he tells you he has seen the light and he isn't going to indulge anymore----that he will sincerely try to seek help through one program or another. And you walk away thinking, "Well maybe."

The next time you encounter this individual he's backed against the wall of a disciplinary cell and is definitely on the fight. Why? Because he's high on glue that's why. And upon seeing your face----he unleashes all the hate he's been able to muster in the past few months. He starts by calling you every filthy name he can think of. He claims that you've been on his back ever since he got here and that he has had it with you. That when he gets out, if it's the last thing he does, he'll get ya! You secure the lock, turn, and with a slight shake of your head you think to yourself, "Well you'll have to get in line, because there are quite a few ahead of you".

Yes, you bet there is tragedy in prison, lot's of it. There's tragedy in the talent that is wasted; this is evident in the paintings and leather work. Cartoons and a hundred other things that have been left by now departed men.

There's tragedy in being in a place long enough to see a mere boy be committed to prison for life when he was 16 and recall that he quietly celebrated his 25th birthday the other day. Or how about the fellow who had everything going for him when he went on parole. You remember everyone saying, "Boy, there's one that is going to make it." Three days later he is back with his chin riding on his chest.

But above all this that you have been thinking about----you take a quick glance back into your personal past. You remember saying many times--and hearing many times, from fellow employees, "That somewhere, sometime we all had done something, had we been caught, we'd be serving time too". And as trite as it may seem; it's still a hard cold fact.

Your hand lazily lifts the second beer can from the end table, you shake it once or twice, just to make sure that it is empty.

You are not a particularly religious man but just before you fall asleep you can remember thanking God very quietly that today and all the past days you were able to walk through that wall and come home.

**Sgt. R. J. McNALLY**

**MPnews EXTRA**



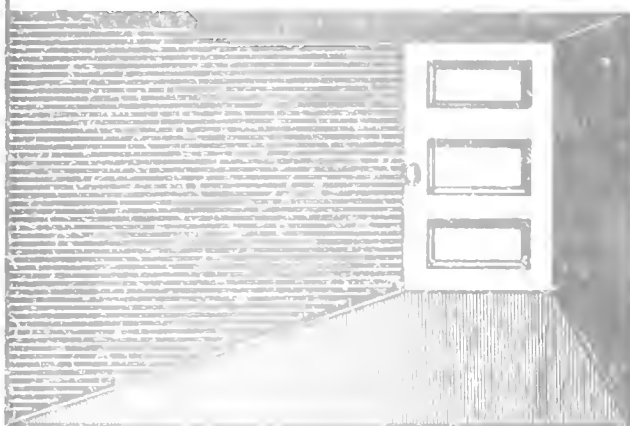
**ATTENTION!**  
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**US**  
**ESCAPE**  
**FROM**  
**OUR PAST**

IN ORDER FOR A MAN TO LEAVE THIS INSTITUTION ON PAROLE-----STEADY EMPLOYMENT IS A MUST!!!! SO WHY NOT SERIOUSLY CONSIDER A PAROLEE TO HELP FILL YOUR EMPLOYMENT NEEDS????

THERE ARE MEN HERE, AWAITING RELEASE, WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO REBUILD THEIR LIVES AND BECOME USEFUL, PRODUCTIVE MEMBERS OF A COMMUNITY. WHY NOT GIVE THEM THIS CHANCE, EMPLOYMENT? A PAROLEE HAS FAR MORE TO LOSE THAN A JOB!!!!

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*Hire a Parolee*  
**make him**  
**A TAXPAYER**  
**NOT**  
**A TAXBURDEN**

**MPnews****FICTION****THE****LONG  
WAIT**

"Well," he thought, "at least they've given me these last few minutes alone. I can be grateful for that." He sat on the edge of a straight-backed metal chair, waiting tensely for the signal to walk that last few yards.

"Why do they have to make such a ceremony of it? Why all the ritual? Wouldn't it be better to have it done quietly, out of sight of all the newspaper people and those grim faced officials?"

"Whoa! Get ahold of yourself, boy," he thought sternly. "After all, you're not the first man who has to go through this."

"How much longer? It must just be a few minutes. Good God, how did I-----I never thought-----If I had only known what was going to-----what it would be like-----oh, well. What is done is done. All I can do now is face it with as much courage as I can muster."

The barber had come early-----too early-----to get him ready. And then all the fuss about his clothing. What difference did that really make? But then, it's all a part of the show. All part of the big silly game that had to be played.

"How much longer?" He listened intently, but he could hear no approaching footsteps, only his own thudding heart.

The Judge would be there, of course. The Judge he had known since childhood. A man he had always looked up to and respected. A man who had always faced up to his duty, no matter how unpleasant it might be. But why think of that now?

"How much longer? How many more seconds would have to tick away before they came for him? The act itself only took moments to complete-----but this waiting!

He looked around the narrow windowless room. "I guess this is as good a place to wait as any. One thing for sure-----after today they would have to get this room ready for someone else." Green walls and ceiling! Why do they have to be green? He had read somewhere that green was supposed to be soothing. Ha! Whoever wrote that never saw this bilious shade of green. Nauseous!!!!!!

He frowned in annoyance at himself. This is no time to be thinking about interior decorating! Perhaps he should pray! Pray for what? Help? Courage? It was a little late for that!!!!

Then he heard a sound and his head jerked around. Yes, that's what it was, footsteps. A slow muffled procession-----coming slowly toward him.

He rose slowly and turned to the door. He didn't know it, but his face was a pasty gray and his forehead was beaded with perspiration. His knees trembled and his stomach churned as the door opened and he heard the Chief Justice say, "We are ready for your Inaugural, Governor Anderson."

# B S A

## ENCAMPMENT

### '70



In this issue of the MP News we are graced with a pictorial plus, with coverage of the B.S.A. encampment at Camp Ellsworth.

The encampment, situated at Conley Lake, which is on prison property hosted members from various scout troops in the Vigilante Council. In all there were 77 youngsters, ranging in age from 11 to 17, in attendance at the fifth annual encampment at the facilities...facilities specially built and cared for by inmates from Montana State Prison.

The theme behind this year's outing was "Fun in the water"...but there was more...much more. In addition to the swimming, lifesaving, rowing, canoeing and many water skills learned by all these young men; the art of angling and preparation for a multitude of merit badges was practiced with a tremendous amount of vigor, enthusiasm and knowledge.

Camp Director was Bob Jones of Butte, a man with 25 years of dedicated service to scouting...and truly a gentleman in every respect. Head Cook for the group was Lee Wulf, a Scoutmaster, also from Butte, and a man who appears to be absolutely perfectly suited to his role in scouting.

These two men in particular were responsible for a sweeping succession of successful events in an unbelievably busy and fun-filled week.

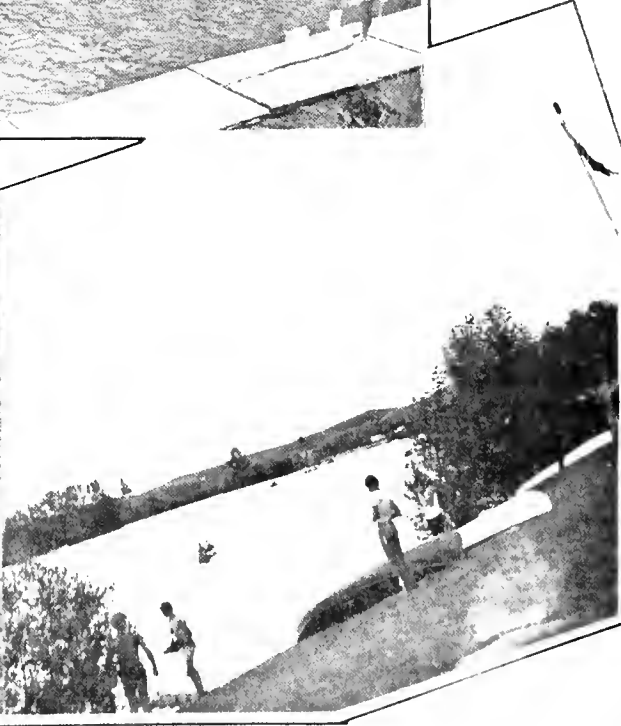
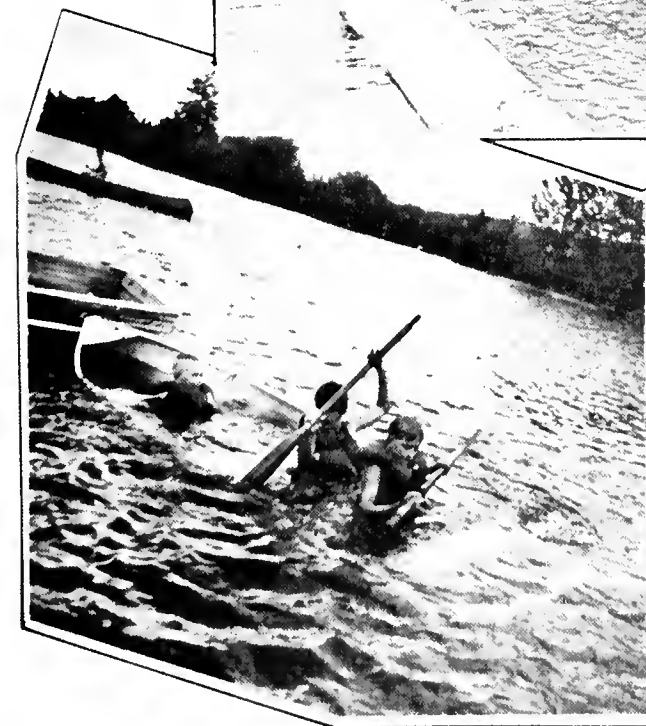
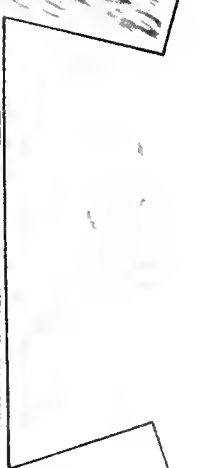
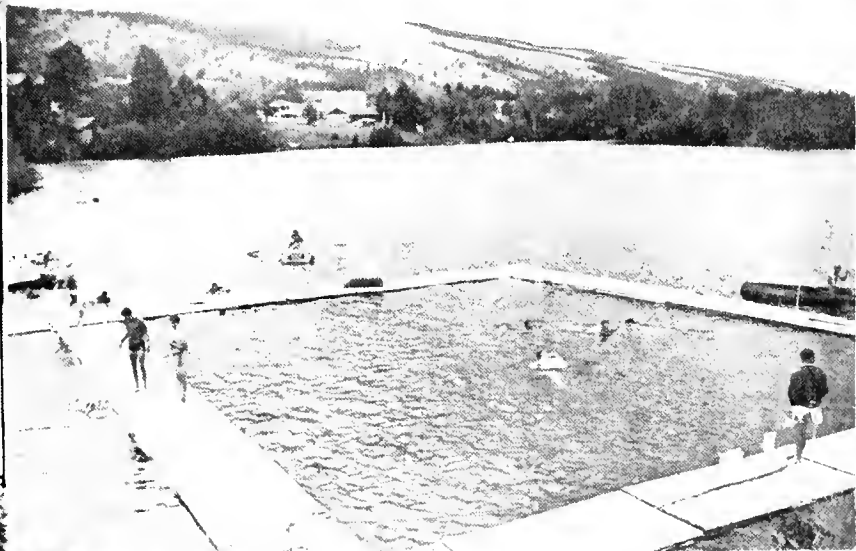
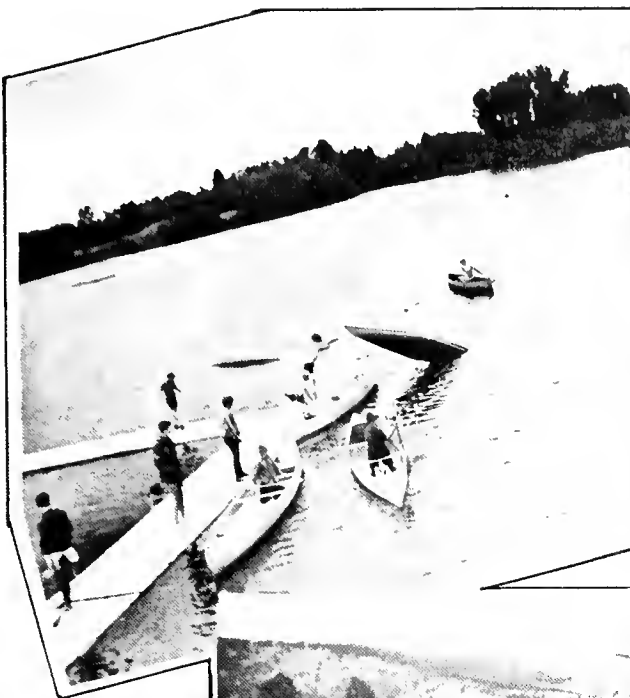
The impressions left on us by this group of young people were many. Their young open minds, eager to learn. The directness and courtesy with which they approach life. Their exuberance and sheer joy of life. The comradeship, loyalty, helpfulness, reverence, cleanliness. The simple and honest fact, that here is the solid foundation for our men of tomorrow. They're in the process of learning...learning, of the right way of life...and learning it well. But then, that's what the Boy Scouts and scouting is all about isn't it?

And that, in itself, is quite an education.











**MPnews EXTRA**





# T.I.C. (TONGUE in CHEEK)

**MPnews**

**EXTRA**

It is saddening how misinformed the public is concerning inmates. Citizens believe (a) That inmates are downtrodden nobodies; (b) Illiterate; (c) Shiftless.

When a man comes to this "Valley Hilton" and has time to settle down, he seems to undergo what has to be termed, amazing mutation. They (1) Relax; (2) See the light; (3) Talk freely, and (4) Reveal incredible (and previously unknown) achievements.

Inmates are actually erudite, fissionable masses of energy, cooperative, intently conscientious, and little less than men struggling to regain the fruits they once enjoyed. In spite of the fact that all but nine men are here as the result of either incompetent or crooked attorneys, they have bright outlooks and each is dedicated to seriousness and honesty.

Space being limited, only a fraction of a fraction of our "residents" shrewd and miraculous accomplishments of their past can be recorded for your enlightenment.

Seven men have been presidents of insurance companies, nineteen have been vice presidents; while one was only a lowly salesman. The salesman however, sold \$19 million worth of insurance during his first two weeks with the company.

At least three inmates wrote San Antonio Rose; two wrote Stardust; five wrote the musical score of Oklahoma. The ways and means each was "turkeyed" out of his hit would fill volumes.

Two men discovered artificial insemination (oddly, both were bachelors); one once shot a 239 in the National Open Golf tournament but because the check he gave for the entry fee, bounced---he was deprived of the title; three developed what we now call tranquilizers; and one invented a 1000 horsepower reciprocating engine to burn sewer gas and was only a foot square.

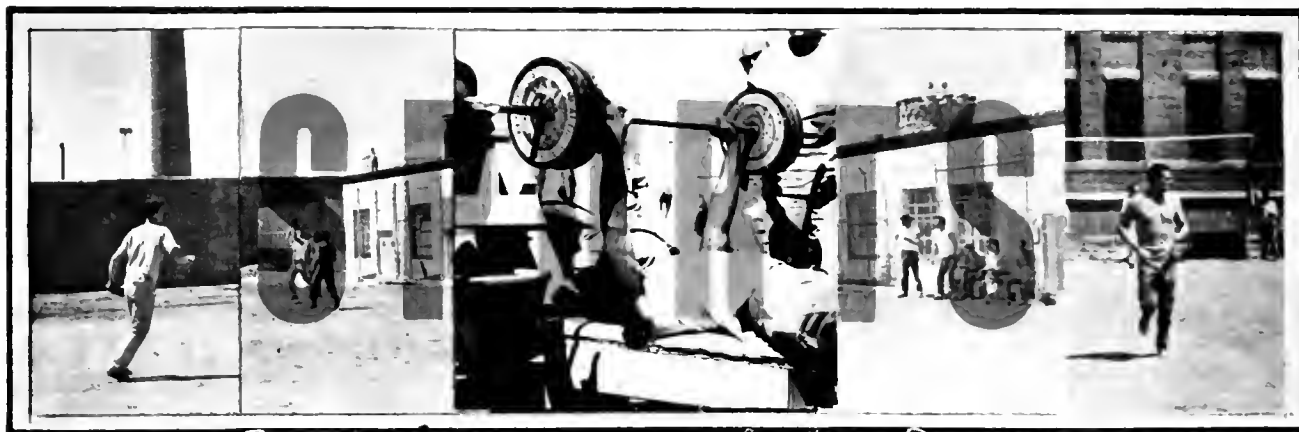
Twelve inmates have been consensus All Americans; while one was an All Pro defensive tackle for the Chicago Bears for five years, at the time he weighed---- 111 pounds.

Six men have been rodeo champions, two have fought in Madison Square Garden, and one, while playing for the Los Angeles Lakers, held Lew Alcindor to a single free throw, meanwhile he picked up sixty-two points and forty eight rebounds. (He's 5' 9")

Ninety-two men have made and lost fortunes at least once. One of them made his first fortune by discovering a mammoth bat cave in the Himalaya Mountains, while rescuing a U.S.O. troupe which had been captured by fierce guerillas. The cave had 9,000 feet of bat guano----a standing record.

Finally, out of 213 inmates interviewed, 202 owned Cadillacs, ten owned Lincolns, and one admitted to only being able to afford a 1951 Chevrolet. HOLD IT!!!!!!!!!! Correction: The '51 Chevy was owned by Sgt. McNally, who by the way also owns a 50 pound pidgeon.





by  
**Gordie Wilkins**

This editorial is about a five letter word which I feel very strongly about. That word is...PRIDE!

Webster's dictionary defines pride as "...self-respect; a reasonable delight in ones position and deeds."

Pride is not only necessary to a winner in sports, but one should have pride in his personal appearance, his way of talking, working and most important...pride in himself, as a man.

A person put in prison loses a lot of things...certain rights, his dignity, his respect and his freedom. I feel however, a person should not lose pride in himself; for once he loses that virtue, his work, appearance, talk, manners and the will to win are affected.

As an example, I would like to use our softball team. We are a good team with talent to be the best in our league but we lack the will, desire and most important...PRIDE. In order to be a winner, a team or person has to have pride in what they do.

I hope I have expressed myself without hurting anyone as I am only trying to help, not bruise anyones feelings.

Have a healthy body and mind through sports and remember...have pride in whatever you do and you will find yourself having more fun and improving in whatever you're doing.

The softball sports scene has somewhat dimmed this past month. The Inside nine have slipped to fourth place in league play while Rothe Hall is still holding down the cellar spot.



League action is now in the final weeks of play with the schedule to run out August 6th. The possibility that it may run longer seems likely though since the season lately has seen some rainy weather that has made play impossible.

Notwithstanding the slump the MSP teams seem to have slipped into...the distinct possibility is that we can still come up with a winner...at the very least, a contender for the title in the triple go-around soft pitch get together. The right number of our wins and their losses just might put us in the winners circle.

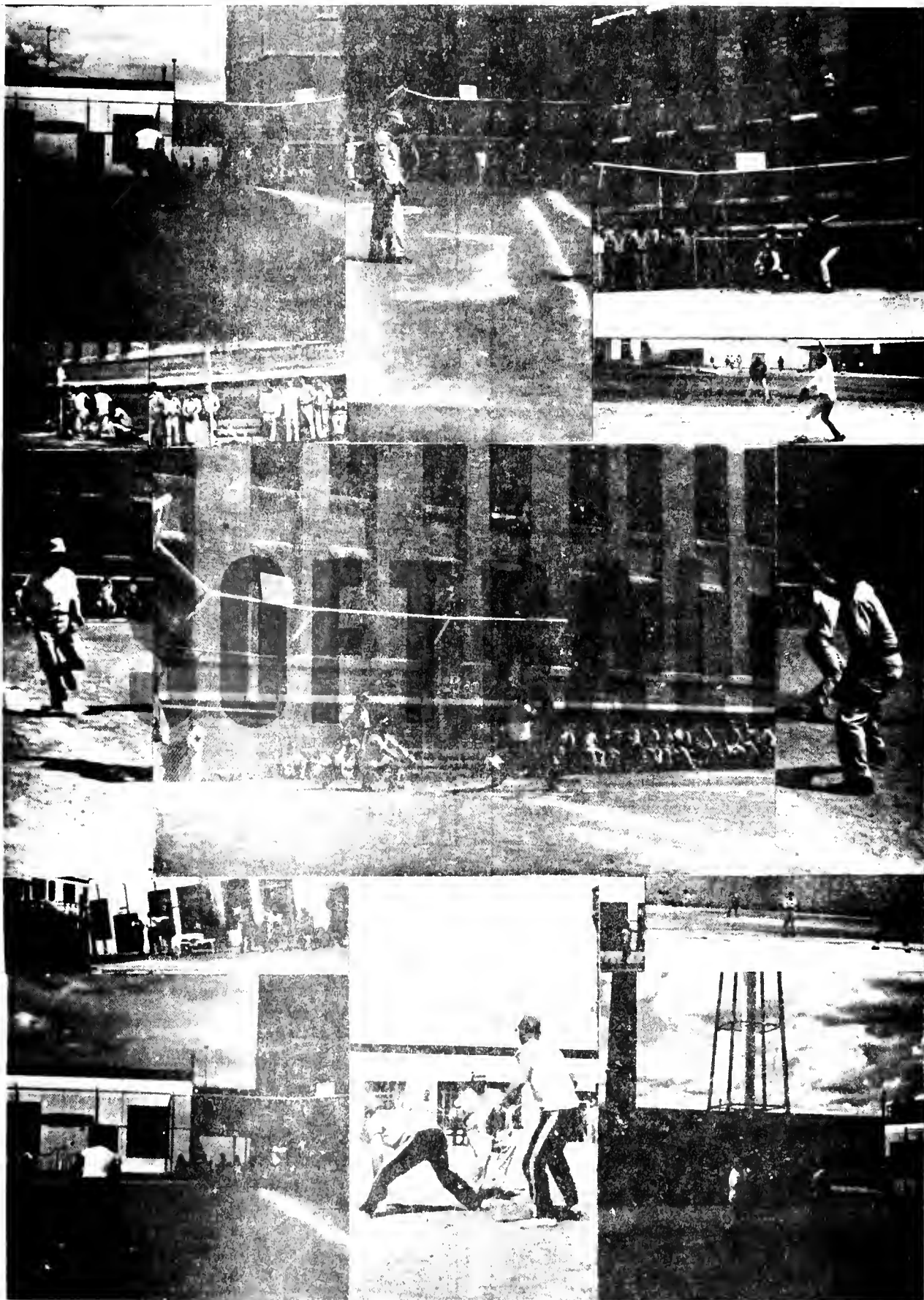
Here's to our better luck in the near future....but in the meantime how about a look at the action this past month at our sortie into the sports world here at M.S.F. Deer Lodge.



Gordie Wilkins  
SPORTS ELITOR

**MP NEWS**





# M.S.P. HOSTS FAST --- PITCH

July 24, 25 and 26 M.S.P. played host to a fast pitch softball tourney. Including the Rothe Hall and Inside teams from the Institution...the invitational fielded clubs from Missoula, Anaconda and Deer Lodge.

Both the M.S.P. teams lost in the single game elimination. Rothe Hall losing a close and finely played ball game to Northern Timber of Deer Lodge by a score of 3 to 2 and the Insiders falling by the way to Anaconda by the lop-sided score of 14 to 8.

In semi-final action, two teams from Missoula who drew a bye for first games, both came up with wins. Hertz of Missoula blanked Northern Timber 7 to 0 and Trails Inn of Missoula slid by Anaconda 4 to 1.

The final game saw Hertz trounce their fellow competitors from Missoula ...the Trails Inn nine by a score of 8 to 2 to walk away with the winners trophy in this years first invitational meet.







SEE YOU.....  
NEXT MONTH!!



### MORALE BOOSTER:

To all you people who use the M.P. News when you run out of toilet tissue ...be careful not to let one of the staff members see you, it's an awful blow to the morale.

### JET JIVE:

With the development of the new 747 super jumbo jet, a new problem arises. A friend of mine was mugged while walking down the aisle after the lights were out.

### GREASY SITUATION:

I understand Shell Oil Co. is developing a new pair of oilskins for use on California ducks.

### BEST FRIENDS:

The only difference between man and animals is that the animals...tend to be smarter.

### REFLECTIONS:

Humility is a strange thing, the minute you think you've got it, you've lost it....and....prejudice is a loose idea, tightly held.



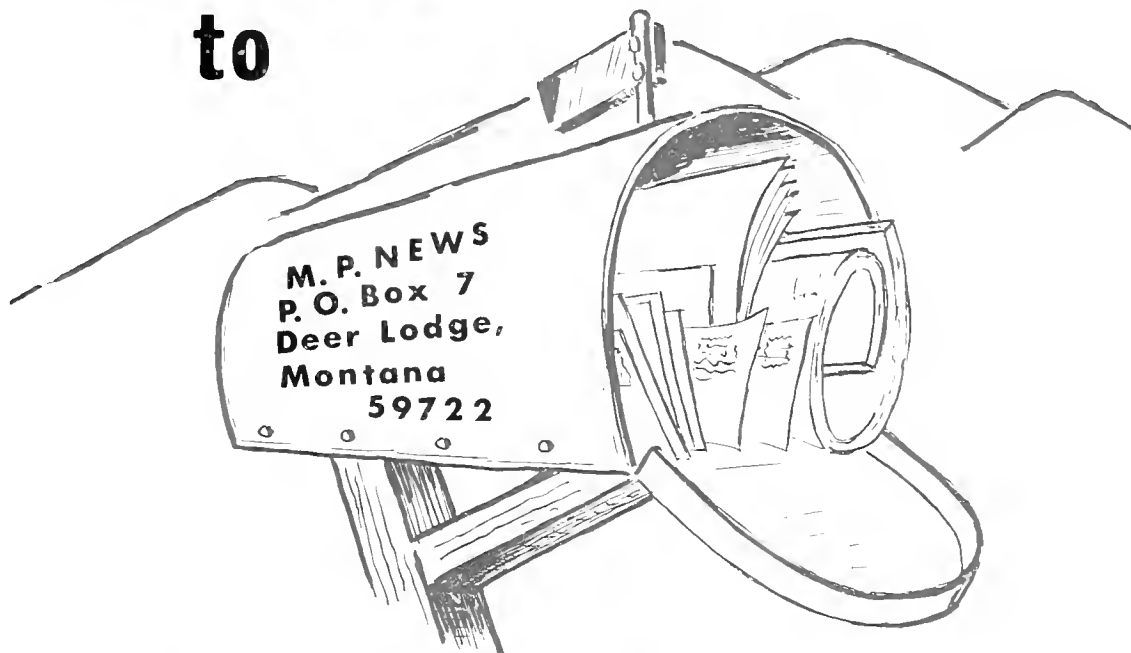
### QUOTE:

Age determines the quality of cheese and wine; yet too many years will crumble the rarest cheese and, turn the finest wine to vinegar. So it is with men.

R. M. NEWMAN

Do not fold, spindle or mutilate, this is your M.P. News.

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**How to foil the**  
**BUM CHECK writer!!!**

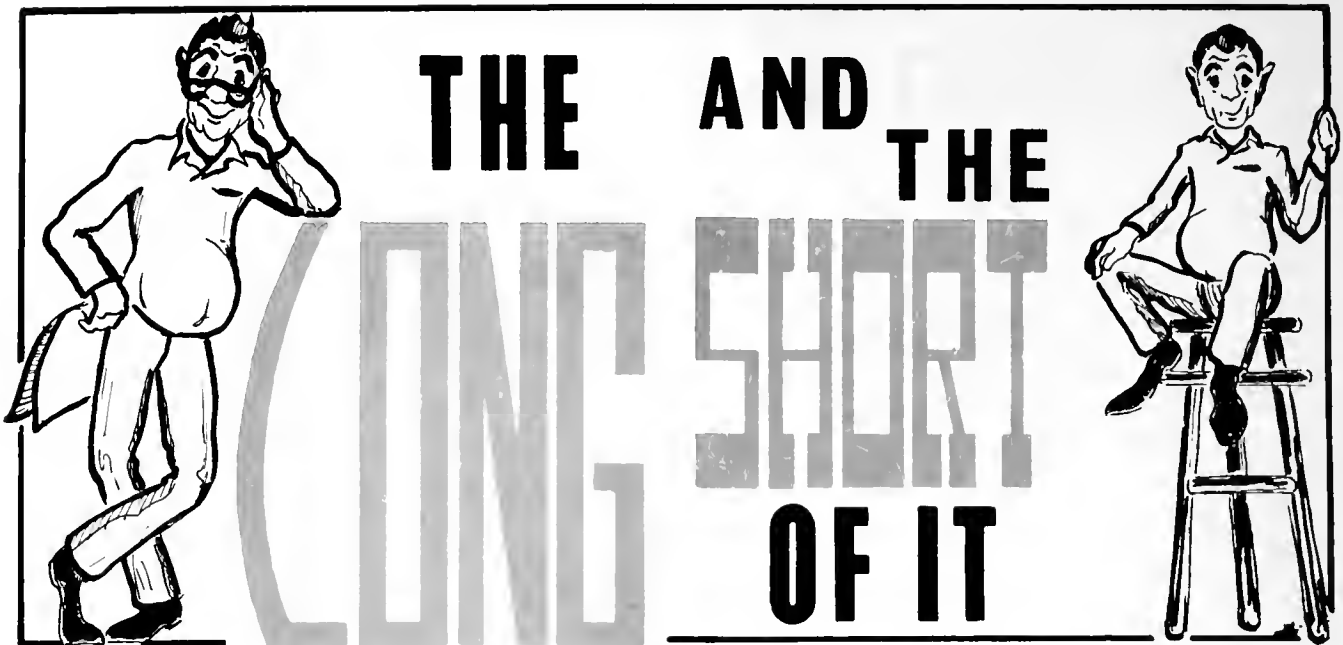
**Swan River --- YOUTH CAMP**

**A N D**

**PART 2 of PRISON ARTIFACTS**

**In the next issue of....**

**MPnews**



The notion that we can make a comparative analysis between today and yesterday connotes the idea of concerted effort to rectify our blunders with progressive measures.

We're speaking of course, about the medieval attitudes towards punishment of the criminal offender. All too often in reviewing past methods of punitive action, we simply rationalize them away..."...that was then, this is now and we don't handle situations concerning incarceration the way we used to." The fallacy to this thought is obvious. The blunt truth is...that methods of confinement and the programs surrounding them have changed little. (We cite, as an example, the past century of our own penal system.) Again....harsh reality offers proof that we still base the idea of punishment on....vengeance....not the reconstructive or rehabilitative concept.

We have only to look at our somewhat inglorious history to become conscious of no significant change. It's not the physical accomplishment of change, but the attitude of non-change towards progressiveness of thought in rehabilitation.

What has become ingrained in our social attitude towards punishment and what it is or should be, has become a matter for education and re-education ...and that's what this issue of the MP News is all about. Education.

With a goal of "first things first" ...education (or re-education) should begin on the institutional level and then extend itself to the inmate population.

Taking that thought as a basic premise for establishing an effective form of programming towards rehabilitation, it would appear that, at long last, something, perhaps the right thing is being done.

Ideas, long neglected, have come into being. And M.S.P. looks with a promise to be a forerunner and front-runner in solving the complexities of reconstructing the incarcerated.

Already completed is a course in basic communications skills and a University accredited course in Criminology...about to start, a course in Psychology. All of this is being taken advantage of by custodial and administrative personnel. Hopefully in the near future, help from the M.D.T.A. That in itself opens tremendous possibilities for the inmate.

Time, in the long run will play the major role in determining the effectiveness of these major and monumental innovations. But the short view does show...a recognition of value.... the value of...education.

**MP news**

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